A reuyuing of the deade

by Verſes that foloweth: Which makes *worthy men knowen, by the examples of* King *Henry* the eight: King *Edward* the ſixt: Sir *Walter Mildmay*: the laſt Erle of *Warwick*: and Sir *Chriſtofer Hatton*, lately L. Chaun-celler of *England*.

With a declaration of the names of all the moſt honourable Counſellers, that haue dyed ſince the beginning of the Queens Maieſties raigne.

AT LONDON

Printed for *Edward VVhite*, and are to be ſolde at his Shop neere the little north doore of Saint Paules Church, at the ſigne of the Gun. 1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE M. I. Wolley, Secretary for the latin tong and one of her Maiesties Priuie Councel

Thomas Churchyard wisheth increase of honour, abounddance *of knowledge & blesednes of life.*

IN *calling to minde right* honourable, the continuance of your fauour and amiable countenance towards me: I found my selfe indetted and vnable (but by affection or good will) to deserue the least part of your curtesies, yet looking on your manie yeares spent in learning and knowledge (for the which vertue, God hath called you to an honourable place) I thought by some studie (albeit my iudgement weake) to lead on your good liking so farre into my labors, that you shold not only affect my writings: but also accept the poor present I offer. which although they be but papers stuffed full of verses, yet the plaiines of the matter and good meaning of the writer I hope shall purchase some small season (as a passing of the time) to make you beholde the willing paines I bestow. This first presumption penneth out the Epitaphs of 2. good Kings that gouerned this land of late, and sheweth by Epitaphs 3. other most honorable Counsellers that dyed not long agoe: vnto the which 5. great personages I was bound for benefits receiued, and so in the end of my dayes (which cannot be long) to be thankful for good turnes and discharging of dutie, I haue set foorth by

the paſſage of thoſe that are gone before, ſhowes heer is no certain habitatiō or ſure dwellīg place for thos that are left hinde, placed heer below (a little while) to look for a better world aboue. The Tragedies in my next book called my Challenge) ſhal make manifeſt at the full the effect of thoſe paſſages: of which Tragedyes you ſhall haue a ſufficient portion, that therby the world ſhall ſee what wrong I haue ſuffred to endure a deniall (by buſie tunges) of mine owne workes: Shores wife ſhall ſpeake in her kinde, to defend me and ſuch as waites on her (becauſe her good fortunes were worthy waiting on) ſhall tell the world I haue beene abuſed, and not iuſtly and rightly vnderſtood: and in gods good giftes for his glories ſake, my book of Chalenge ſhal chalenge all honeſt labours that euer I did in my daies, deny them who pleaſe. Now theſe bare verſes and barren Epitaphes bringing no better frute but the death of ſome one or other, makes euery line vnwelcome that ſhowes no cheerfull newes: but time that diſcouers all accidents (and death in his fury) brings pardon by the trueth that is found and ſuch as in ſeaſonable time do truly vtter that becomes them, are halfe excuſed though their boldnes be great: So neither fearing the open barker that makes a great bruite, nor the priuie byter that makes a great woūd, to the mildnes of your ſweet cenſure I offer theſe plaine Epitaphs that follow, partly to make you beleeue I am mindfull of my promiſe, and cheefely for that I know my L. Chancellers death was ſorowfull vnto you, ſo knoweth God who encreaſe your honorable credite.

Yours in all humblenes at cōmaundment:

Thomas Churchyard.

The Epitaph of the moſt Triumphant King, King Henry the eight.

THe flower whoſe ſmell is paſt, lyes dead like withered weed:
the bloſom burnt with ſcorching blaſt, yeelds nether ſeed nor ſeed
The Sunnie day declin'd, lookes like diſmme darkſome night:
Cleere clowds o'recaſt with bluſtring wind, ſoon loſeth former light.
The tree that axe hewes downe, lies flat where bowes do fall:
And greater things of more renown, are ſcarce thought of at all.
When their decay drawes on, bid rotten frute adew:
When olde delights are dead and gone, world welcomes fancies new.
Olde Kinges whoſe glory ſhone, as bright as *Phœbus* face:
Lyes lowe in *Windſor* now alone, with no great Princely grace.
To write of *Henryes* raigne, a true diſcourſe to tell:
A world of wit it would containe, and pleaſe the readers well.
For ſuch a King as he, (though heer bewail'd with pen)
Ought ſtill of dutie honourd be, among all Engliſh men.
His loue to Countryes ſoyle, (like Father to his ſonne)
Kept all true ſubiects free from foile, how ere worlds courſe did run.
His woord no ſooner paſt, but at a becke obayd:
He ſtood like Fort full firme and faſt, and made his foes affraid.
His bountie did abound, his largeſſe had no end:
Gaue freely where deſartes he found, yet had inough to ſpend.
A flowing Fountaine head, that ran faire ſtreames of golde:
To euery place (through pypes of lead) and Conduits treble-folde.
But cheefely to thoſe men, whoſe ſeruice crau'de reward: (gard.
There ſprouting ſprings guſht now & then, great grace with great re-
A glorie great he took, in giuing golde as droſſe:
As one that ſtill for fame did look, diſdaining mucke and moſſe.
A Lyon in the feild, that made wilde tygers tame:
And many a woorthie Towne to yeeld, ſo fearfull was his name.
A King that made Kings ſtoop, and held them all in awe:
When he him ſelfe did neuer droop, for any thing he ſaw.
A King that took no wrong, of none in deed nor word:
But would haue right ere it were long, or trye the ſame with ſword.
The Emperour *Charles* the fift, came here his loue to craue:
The French King met our King at *Guynes*, his fauour for to haue.
And when he was in *Fraunce*, as fortune flong the maine:
At *Flowdan* feilde as was the chaunce, a noble King was ſlaine.

Whoſe Lords at *Sollo moſſe*, the olde Lord *Wharton* tooke:
The fleet of *Fraunce* at *Portſmouth* to, durſt not on *Henry* looke.
His Shippes burnt *Treyport* than, and cauſd that Coaſt to quake:
He went before to *Turwyn* towne, and ſo *Turney* did take.
Wonne *Bulleigne* after this, built neere it many a ſeat:
All yeeldes where King in perſon is, his preſence was ſo great.
Whiles theſe things were in hand, as doutfull ballance ſtood:
In *Scotland* many a warlike band, he had for cauſes good.
He neuer carde for peace, nor how began the iarre:
If he his Kingdome could increaſe, or honour winne by warre.
Shall ſuch a King now ſleep, with crawling wormes below?
Nay rather we his loſſe ſhould weep, that did defend vs ſo.
Praiſe *Ceſar* you that pleaſe, and lookes into a ſtate:
There was not borne beyond the ſeas, nor yet in *England* late
So great a King in deed, for many ſpeciall thinges:
Turne ore your books, both look & reed, among your famous Kings
And *Henry* theight ſhall goe, amid the nobleſt ſorte,
When Trump of fame ſhall ſhrillie blowe, to ſound his true reporte.

A famous Soldiarlike King.

FINIS.

The Epitaph of the moſt toward

ympe of grace, King *Edward*
the ſixt.

THe lamp is out, that lightned Engliſh hartes,
Whoſe liuely ſhowe, & beuty ſhone ſo bright
And gaue ſuch ioy, to all our inward ſmartes,
That well was him, that had theron a ſight,
Edward I meane, that was our King by right.
The golden torche and candle matutyne:
Did burne and blaze amid his Chriſtall eyen.
But wel a way, thoſe lookes their life hath loſt:
Full dimme and darke,
is now the ſparke,
That whilom was the ſtay of *Englands* boaſt.

Now

Now death hath dried this pleasant princely plãt
And hent our hap, an high aboue the Skyes:
who knows the losse, but they that feel the want
Wherfore the teares distilleth from our eyes.
But since this Lamb hath made his sacrifice,
And offred vp his life and vytall breath:
What can we blame but hastie cruell death?
which pluckt the rose before his leaues wer spred
yet shall his name,
remaine with fame,
And florish still although the floure be dead.

A descriptiõ of his Royal person.

A face so fraught, with fauour blooming still,
A cheere so chaste, subduing eche desire:
A hed so ripe, with grace and cunning skill,
A tongue so deckt, and clad in trothes attyre,
A hart so meeke, and cleane deuoide of yre.
An eare so pure to heare the poor mans cause,
A wit to iudge, a zeale to make good lawes.
A hand so cleer from blood, look well theron:
was seldome seene,
in youth so greene,
Alas the while, our Lanterns light is gone.

His inward giftes of grace.

His wit wan praise, as by his waies appeeres,
His vertuous steppes, wan fame among the wice:
His tender youth, did teach the aged yeeres,
His sober life rebuked euery vice,
His woords & works did passe the pearle in price
His iestures all, if they were grau'ne in golde,
A mirror were to learne both young and olde.
Wherfore vnmeete the earth is for his graue:
His place of rest,
is Abrahams brest,
A worthy Tomb, for such a King to haue.

FINIS.

The

The Epitaph of the right honourable Coun-

ſeller, Sir *Walter Mildmay* Knight.

IN thirtie yeres there drop away, from mightye *Cæſars* traine:
Of cheef account that bore great ſway, twice 10. twice 4. & twaine.
That rul'd by courſe in Senate ſeate, whilſt glaſſe of life did run:
Whoſe fearfull frown, and angry threat, good ſubiects ſought to ſhun.
Ech one found freends to waile below, their death with greife of breſt
When from this world theſe guides did goe, to place of greater reſt.
But few in Court, gaind more good will, thē wiſe graue *Mildmay* did:
In whoſe milde ſhow and worthy skill, were heapes of vertues hid.
In Court not only lou'd alone, but Country yeelds him fame:
and boaſts, that there his bounty ſhone, & burnd with quēchles flame
Like blazing torche on mountaine top, that could all blaſts abide:
Yet ſeem'd but little twinckling Star, which is farre off eſpyed.
But euery worde and ſentence ſweet, he did in world let fall:
Expreſt an hye and noble ſpirit, and knowledge great withall.
His ſilence ſpake by ſtayed lookes, but when he moou'd his tongue:
Like tinging bell of ſiluer ſound, the Counſell chamber ronge.
His inward man was arm'd and clad, with priuye coate of proofe:
To vſe and weare, for others weale, but not his owne behoofe.
No malice, wrath, nor angry rage, nor ſullen nature ſtrange:
Could mooue his minde in all his age, nor make his manner change.
A Father that could rules ſet downe, of law and learned lore:
Knit vp ſuch pointes in ſentence ſhort, as few had heard before.
To Prince and ſtate a member fit, that Country could not ſpare:
Right ſharp of ſence, profound of wit, of iudgement deep and rare.
To ſuters all of nature good, but to the Princes men:
A ready help from root of hart, with head, with hand and pen.
Not ſowre, but full of ſugred ſpeech, that quenched bitter gall:
As hony dropped from his lippes, where liquour ſweet ſhould fall.
Sir *Walter Mildmay* water brought, to nouriſh fountaine head:
Yet gaue to thoſe that water ſought, and were with fountaine fed.
His promiſe wrought performance ſtraight, yet ware & wiſe to ſpeak
Not won with gifts or worldly ſleight, that makes men promis break.
But drawne by iudgement and deſart, to ſhowe his godly zeale:
That lodg'd in louing harmles hart, that honord publique weale.
His credit ſo through God began, whoſe grace was his defence:

That

That dayly he great credit wan, and went with credit hence.
When pangues of death approch't apace, & would haue closd his eyne
He spake with milde and cheerfull face, glad words that were deuine:
Of eche degree as though some Saint, were sent from God aboue:
To showe how he should serued be, in faith, in feare and loue.
Wherat the hearers all gan weep, that then their Iewell lost:
Whiles *Mildmay* mildly fell a sleep, and so gaue vp the ghost.

Not dead, death hath but broke the stamp, in *Cãbridg* liues this knight
Where he set vp so faire a lamp, that giues all *England* light.

FINIS.

The Epitaph of the right honourable,

Lord *Ambrose Dudley* Erle of *Warwicke*.

LEaue off to write, spare speech a space, be mute O muse of mine:
Let blubring teares bedeaw thy face, O waile with weeping eyne:
The course of life that drawes but breth, in dollor all his dayes:
Till hart stringes burst, till hower of death, til pilgrim goes his wayes.
Vaine pomp is but a puffe or toy, so is both rule and raigne:
For all that heere we do enioy, is nought but woe and paine:
Hast thou not seene the highest tree, receiue his falling blowe?
Death hath respect to no degree, when life from hence must goe.
Satte *Leyster* not in Senate seate, as hye as man might clime?
Was neuer heere, none halfe so great, nor happy in our time.
Yet loe, a sodaine leaue he tooke, and went where God assignd:
His Brother that like *Mars* did looke, a man of noble minde.
Who all good men did praise and loue, is packt from vs in poste:
Thus when of force men must remooue, and world desires him most.
His glasse is run, his date is doone, and he must bid farwell:
to all the pleasures vnder Sunne, and all that heere do dwell.
But *Warwick* that won great good will, too soone was hastned hence:
For *Warwick* was most warlike still, to stand in rightes defence.
To serue the Prince, his purse, or power, was euer ready prest:
Like Fortresse or like stately Tower, in armes among the best.
To spread in feilde the ragged staffe, against all forraine foes:
As wind that driues both dust & chaffe, in th'aire where tẽpest bloes
So had he minde to thrust them downe, that fight with stayned troth
To harme or touch our land, our Crowne, our Prince & coũtry both.
Glad was Erle *Warwick* euery way, to do the good he might:

In Court and Towne the world doth ſay, he neuer harmed wight.
He kept the euen ballance iuſt, that eche man had true weight:
He was a man of ſpeciall truſt, cleane voyde of craft or ſleight.
Moſt plain of words, moſt plain of deeds, plain dealing led him throgh
Amid theſe briers & ſcratching weeds, that wounds plain people now
No ſtorme nor change could make him turn, he ſtood like braſen wall
Againſt fine world, proud mindes, falſe faith, vntruth, and treaſons all.
At *Norwich* in King *Edwards* raygne, amid ranke rebelles rage:
The horſſe he rod on there was ſlaine, in prime of *Ambroſe* age.
Saint Quintins where Lord *Harry* dyed, ſets yet his valure forth:
At ſeige of *Hawne* was *Warwick* tryed, and found a man of woorth.
New-hauen till the plague began, he held full ſafe and ſound:
Where many a valiant Engliſhman, made *Ringraue* giue them ground.
No greefe, no tort, nor torment ſore, could daunt his courage great:
A Lyons hart in breſt he bore, where hammers long did beat.
Of one deuice or other ſtill, and founded like a bell
To Gods great glory and his will, that conquered death and hell.
To Heauen held he on his pace, for when his time he knew:
He did but turne from freendes his face, and bad the world adew.

FINIS.

The Epitaph of the moſte honourable,

Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton* Knight, late Lord Chaun-celler of *England*.

LEt droppes of blood from wounded hart, bewaile our loſſe of late
Teares are too baſe to ſhow the ſmart, is felt for this great ſtate.
No mourners voice, nor yelling cries, nor ſighes nor ſobs may ſerue:
Nor all the cunning vnder skies, from death can life preſerue.
No worldly pomp, nor Princes grace, can lengthen life an hower:
All glory laſts but heer a ſpace, it withers like a flower.
A mightie man of great account, whoſe fate the clowds did clime:
Whoſe fortune dayly did ſurmount, great numbers in his time.
Telles that and much more matter ſhowes, of honours tickle ſtay:
That like a candle out it goes, and quickly ſteales away.
Long is it ere a tree be growen, to anſwer our deſire:
But ſoone are mightie oakes ore throwne, and flong in flaming fire.
No greefe ſo great, as ſee flow'rs bud, in gardens where we walk:
And whē their ſent ſhould do vs good, a ſtorm ſtriks down the ſtalk.

O happy

O happy *Hatton* long in growth, now at thy cheefest yeeres:
When Prince and Country lon'd thee both, as by their plaints apeers.
An angry planet took thee hence, that by thy vertue rose:
And stood like Fortresse of defence, against all forraine foes.
The Lawyers ioy, the lands delight, the Countries comfort to:
A ready head and hand to write, where help some good might do.
To freend most fast, to foe most sterne, to poore full franke and free:
A wit that could deep doutes dezerne, and troth from falshood see.
Cald for good giftes to speciall place, and speciall fortune found:
Durst show in world a hart and face, with conscience cleer and sound.
That roome and credit he possest, requir'd a man of worth:
Which he in substance so exprest, by setting iustice forth.
That common people still salutes, his soule with blessings sweet:
A tree that brings forth such good frutes, for cōmon weal most meet.
A chosen Chaunceller from aboue, to please the best below:
Won open fame and secret loue, of those that wisedome know.
Held house where bountie largesse cryed, & kept so great a traine:
As argues now when that he dyed, good mind did glory gaine.
Lou'd freends & seruants more then gold, and precious was the poore
Sought help by sute or mildly would, craue almes at *Hattons* door.
In sutes he held an euen hand, as ballance goes by weight:
The worst to fall, the best to stand, and heare their iudgment streight.
The Iudges of the law can tell, the iustice of his minde:
And so the world can witnes well, what grace good men did find.
The good he did shall neuer dye, and so O worthy Knight:
Though lowe in earth thy body lye, and soule haue taken flight.
A higher place we hope thou hast, and dost with Angelles dwell:
For brunt of worldly broiles are past, as showes thy last farwell.

FINIS.

Lenuoy.

WHo mourneth more then he that made this Verse?
To whom good turnes, this Lord did often send:
Come noble Guard, and kneele before his herse,
Whose helping hand, your wages did amend.
Come seruantes all, and do his fame defend,
That made you clime, vp the great Chamber stayres:
And come true freendes, and shed with me some teares.
Come come away, the Coarse in coffyn lyes,
That countenance gaue to more then I will showe:

Come

Lenuoy.

Come euery one, in black ſad mourning guiſe;
And wayte on him, that to the graue doth goe,
Come fall in rank, that doth your Captain knowe.
And trayle your ſtaues, along hard ſtony ground:
And cry *la mort*, when doleſull drumme doth ſound.
This body muſt be buried all with ſhot,
Becauſe he once was in a Princely band:
And of a Prince, ſuch grace and fauour got,
He bore the ſway and Seale of all this land,
Come Pencioners, that by your ſtandard ſtand.
And bring to Church, in ſhining armour bright;
In Marſhall martch, this three folde happy Knight.

FINIS *Thomas Churchyard.*

The names of all the moſt honorable Counſellers that haue dyed ſince the beginning of her Maieſties Raigne.

Sir *Thomas Cheyney*. Treaſor.
The Erle of *Shrewsbury*.
Sir *Edmond Peckham*.
Thomas Parry, Treaſorer.
Francis Erle of *Huntington*.
Doctor *Wotton*.
Sir *Iohn Maſon*.
Sir *Richard Sackuild*.
Sir *Edward Rogers* Comptro.
The Erle of *Pembrook*.
Duke of *Norfolke*
Sir *Ambroſe Caue*.
Erle of *Darby*.
M. of *wincheſter*, L. Treaſorer.
Marques of *Northampton*.

Secretary *Smith*.
Secretary *Wilſon*.
L. *William Howard*, L. Cham.
Sir *Nicholas Bacon* L. Keeper.
The Earle of *Suſſex* L. Chan.
The Earle of *Bedforde*.
The Earle of *Lincolne* L. Ad.
Sir *Henry Sidney*.
Sir *Ralphe Sadler*.
Sir *Thomas Bromley* L. Chan.
Earle of *Leiceſter*.
Sir *Amyas Paulet*
Sir *Water Mildemaie*.
Earle of *Arundell*.
Sir *William Peter*

Sir *Iames a Croſt*. Contr.
Sir *F. Walſingham*. Secret.

Earle of *Warwick*.
Laſt Earle of *Shrosbury*.

Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*. L. Chauncel.

FINIS.